

The Historie of

The very botome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweete reuerfion,
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeous, a home to flie vnto,
If that the Diuell and mischance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your father had bene here:
The qualitie and haire of our attempt
Brookes no diuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction;
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reason may pricke in vpon vs.
This absence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too far.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push against a kingdome, with his helpe
We shall or turne it, topsie turvy downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. My coosen Vernon, welc

Ver. Pray God my newes be v
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen
Is marching hitherwards, with Pri

Hot. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himselfe in person hath
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparati

Hot. He shall be welcome too
The nimble footed madcap, Prin
And his Cumrades, that dast the w
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht, all in Armes.
All plumde like Estridges, that wi
Baited like Eagles hauing lately ba
Glittering in golden coates like im
As full of spirit as the month of Ma
And gorgeous as the sunne at Mid
Wanton as youthfull goates, wilde
I saw yong Harry with his beuer o
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly
Rise from the ground like feather
And vaulted with such ease into his
As if an Angell dropt downe from
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble h

Hot. No more, no more, worse
This praise doth nourish agues, let
They come like sacrifices in their t
And to the fire-eyd maid of smoky
All hot and bleeding will we offer
The mailed Mars shall on his altar
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on f
To heare this rich reprizall is so nig
And yet not ours: Come, let me tak
Who is to beare me like a thunder
Against the bosome of the Prince